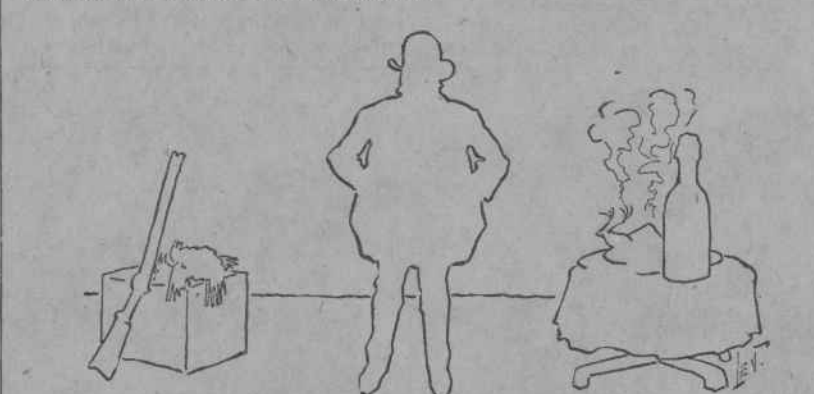


The salient facts thus positively developed by this inquiry are these: The Sugar Trust controls 80 per cent of the output of refined sugar in the United States, and fixes the price of that staple. As a result of this domination of the market, it is able to pay 12 per cent dividends on preferred and 7 per cent on its common stock—Mr. Havemeyer amplifying his testimony at this point by remarking that he would not go into any business that would not net from 15 to 20 per cent. The capital stock of the company is \$73,935,000, much of which was created for the purpose of buying up and suppressing rival refineries. The undivided surplus in 1895 exceeded \$13,000,000. Mr. Havemeyer, in a burst of public spirit, went on to assert that another monopoly—that of the Arbuckle coffee concern—made a profit of three to four cents a pound on its entire output, and he intended to enter that field to the great profit of the public.

For a man who doesn't drink it, Senator Hill made a great effort for the preservation of the Senatorial cold tea.

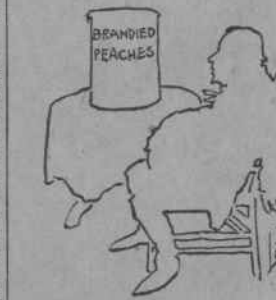
By Cholly Knickerbocker.

Tum Tum Likes Broody Preaches. The spirit of sport is flickering low in Del's case. When it was announced that Murphy and McAlpin were going to shoot a pigeon on the roof of the Warwick and Maclean's, even a chap that considers a cigar or shag pipe a bluff wanted to bet on one side or the other. Now everybody wants to bet that there won't be any match; and the cause of it all is Mr. Edgar Gibbes (remember the Gibbes) Murphy. It is said that Mr. Murphy's business engagements are so pressing that he can't settle on a date. His opponents claim that the whole trouble lies in the fact that he prefers a cold bottle and a hot bird to a hot gun and a cold bird. Mr. Murphy is away in the South somewhere and cannot answer his detractors. It would be a pity if he were to lose the match, for he is a good shot and a good sportsman, and up with hot and cold and guns and birds and bottles, as Mr. Murphy is at present, it is due to go South. But, like Catiline, or the cat, he will return. Then we shall see whether a cold bottle or the hot gun. Meantime it would appear that the match is practically off.



But Perry Belmont reversed this order. He went from society into politics. He was born to wealth and position. His father's fortune and his mother's family made his own place secure. He had to come down the social ladder to get into the political swine, and that was even harder than mounting the social ladder to get out of politics. Ever since he was graduated from Amherst, a quarter of a century ago, he has kept at politics. He has seen his brother August come out of Harvard and fill the public eye with his financial operations. He has seen his brother Oliver leave Annapolis and laugh at life. But he has gone on along the lines he laid down in his youth, with his face hard set toward the goal of his ambition and with a stubborn determination to get there that nothing could alter. Will he succeed? I don't know. There is no parallel to his case that has ever come to my attention. Ought he to succeed? I think so. His success would be better for politics, although it might be worse for society. But for the sake of the general good we could suffer no special evil, and, therefore, from this altruistic standpoint society might say to politics: "Take Perry. He will raise your standard. We shall miss him, of course. But we will try to worry along if you will only leave us Oliver."

Tum Tum Likes Broody Preaches. The spirit of sport is flickering low in Del's case. When it was announced that Murphy and McAlpin were going to shoot a pigeon on the roof of the Warwick and Maclean's, even a chap that considers a cigar or shag pipe a bluff wanted to bet on one side or the other. Now everybody wants to bet that there won't be any match; and the cause of it all is Mr. Edgar Gibbes (remember the Gibbes) Murphy. It is said that Mr. Murphy's business engagements are so pressing that he can't settle on a date. His opponents claim that the whole trouble lies in the fact that he prefers a cold bottle and a hot bird to a hot gun and a cold bird. Mr. Murphy is away in the South somewhere and cannot answer his detractors. It would be a pity if he were to get into a row with a hot gun and a cold bird, for he goes off with up with hot and cold and guns and birds and bottles, as Mr. Murphy is at present, it is due to go South. But, like Catiline, or the cat, he will return. Then we shall see whether a cold bottle or the hot gun. Meantime it would appear that the match is practically off.



When it was announced that Murphy and McAlpine were going to shoot a pigeon match with Work and MacLester, every chap that could produce a dollar or shovels bluff wanted to bet on one side or the other. Now everybody wants to bet on the Murphy side, and the reason is, of course, that Mr. Edgar Gadsden (remember the Gadsden story). It is known that Mr. Murphy's business engagements are so pressing that he can't be on the date. His opponents claim that the whole trouble lies in the fact that he prefers a cold bottle and a hot bird to a hot gun and a cold bird. Mr. Murphy is away in the South somewhere and cannot answer his traducers. It would seem, though, that the ex-champion is really in a dilemma. When one gets all mixed up with hot and cold and guns and birds and bottles, as Mr. Murphy is at present, he is liable to get a little confused. But, to be sure, the fact that he is so confused, and see which has won, the bottle or the hot gun. Meantime it would appear that the match is practically off.

the door in a tentative fashion that reminds one of an elephant stepping on a bridge. Once inside they look around apprehensively and gasp and clutch at one another when the car starts. At the end of the journey they are loath to emerge, and when they have been finally coaxed out by the boy at the strap they stand about and silently watch the car until it disappears again. The elevator is the very last bit of civilization that the provincial vis-



tor gets accustomed to."

"What doctor's treating you, Grumpy?"
"Treating me? Three of them some be
regularly and loot my sideboard every visit. I
doing all the treating."—Detroit Free Press.



"Oh, yes," he snarled. "Bronson's generally a good fellow, but he's got a hard head." Cleveland

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